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"WHY, I DIDN'T SEE HOW YOU COULD HELP YOURSELF."*



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SANDOW'S Great Offer

In December, 1902, will be issued the first American edition of **SANDOW'S MAGAZINE** of Physical Culture, and to insure an edition of at least **one hundred thousand copies**, I make this **extraordinary offer**: Upon receipt of **\$1.00** (the annual subscription price), I will send the magazine monthly to any address for one year, and give as a premium

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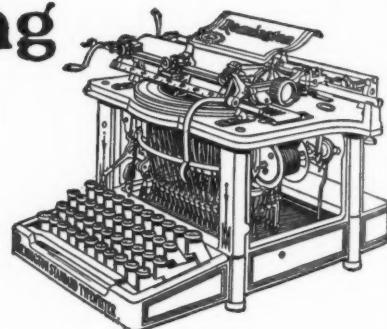


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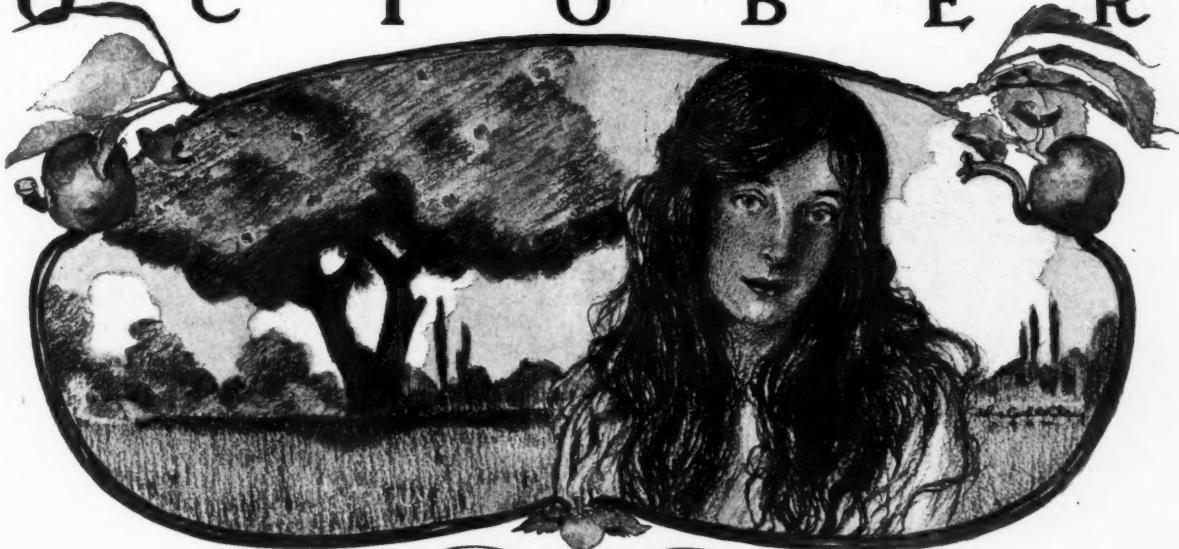
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LIFE

O C T O B E R



Autumn.

AUTUMN is here. Forests are blushing down to the roots of their trees. Leaves are deserting their parent stems. All the little insects are being tucked up to sleep under the grass. Chipmunks are busy with fall house-cleaning, and are laying in their winter supplies. Bears are getting drowsy. The ozone is getting ready for business. The north wind is practicing his annual whistle.

Cities are beginning to bustle. Streets are being congested. Tailors are sitting up nights, and dressmakers are having a trying time.

Autumn is here. Footballs are being sadly treated. College campuses are keeping late hours. Sweaters are beginning to stretch themselves.

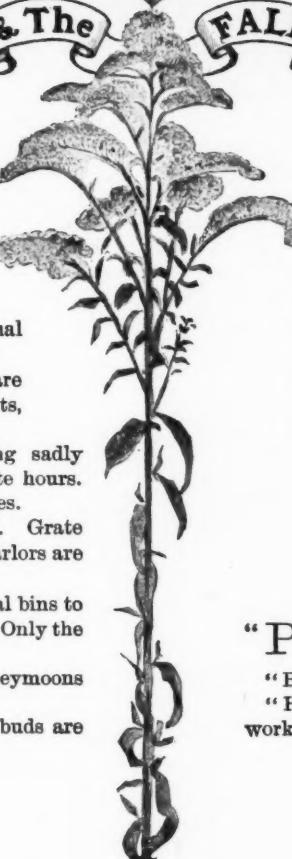
Sofas are creaking with a double weight. Grate fires and lovers' lips are crackling. Back parlors are in use again. Flies are no more.

Gas metres are beginning to hum, and coal bins to ebb and flow. Furnaces are warming up. Only the moths are disconsolate.

Autumn! Knots are being tied. Honeymoons are being dreamed through.

All the birds are flying south and all the buds are

& The
FALL



coming north. Beaches are all alone, and all the flats are loaded.

Autumn is here and Christmas in sight, while Cupid laughs to himself and says:

“All seasons look alike to me.”

Tom Masson.

To the Man with a Bill.

THINK—you that deem this tribute small
Because unmultiplied by six—
How Pyramids, sublimely tall,
Evolve themselves from bricks.

The tiny spark precedes the blaze;
Light chances grow to vast events;
The Ages fatten on the days—
So, dollars rise from cents.

Take this—expend it well, nor grieve
Ungrateful, for the small amount;
Rejoice and sing, that you receive
A sum upon account. *F. D.*

No Better Off.

“POOR Robinson! He couldn’t make a living,
and married a woman with money.”
“But isn’t he all right now?”
“Hardly. She is so close with it that he has to
work harder than ever.”



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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Harper's Weekly approves of Harvard's willingness to give her A. B. degree to men who do the requisite work in three years, but considers that

Harvard, and all colleges, should go farther, and make their degrees more valuable by exacting harder work for them. It wants the college boys to be held to a regimen as strict as that at Annapolis or West Point, and considers that the academic departments of our universities should be placed upon the same plane of efficiency as the professional schools. The whole system needs stiffening up, the *Weekly* thinks, if our colleges are really to do their best work. "There is tremendous work ahead for the young man of to-day," it says, "and the sooner he gets at it properly equipped, shorn of all inutilities, which he may cultivate as a pastime if he is minded so to do, the better it will be for all concerned."

Which are the inutilities of which the young laborer is to be shorn? What is this tremendous work that awaits him, and into which he must dash, shorn and duly equipped at the earliest possible moment? Undoubtedly dawdling in college is a poor business and ought to be discouraged. Undoubtedly the A. B. degree ought to represent definite attainments, but in first rate colleges it does so already. Annapolis and West Point are professional schools and can do for their young men what the colleges neither can do, nor should want to do. Such a dis-

cipline as exists at West Point would be entirely out of place at Harvard, where thousands of young men are fitting themselves for life and work on a hundred different lines. It is not true that there is tremendous work ahead of the average young man. Tremendous work is for tremendous men. It is not possible nor wholesome for ordinary men. The colleges have to deal with all sorts of men, and with a great many ordinary men among the rest. The business of the colleges is to offer to all students the best opportunities that can be given them, and to prescribe a minimum of attainment below which no student may fall. Possibly the colleges would do better work in some respects if their system was so "stiffened up" that only the best students could keep up with it, but in that case a great deal of work that the colleges now do to the profit of the country would go undone.



GIVE the young a chance to grow up and "find themselves." You don't get better work out of a man by hurrying him and crowding him while he is a boy. Give him a chance to grow, to stretch himself, to think. Dawdling is bad for him. A fair amount of leisure at the right time may be very good for him. This difference between the college boy and the West Pointer is worth remembering. After the West Pointer graduates he usually has plenty of leisure. After the college boy gets out of college he usually has plenty of hard work and few holidays. Moreover, it is a delusion to think that hard work is not done now in our universities. It is done; lots of it.

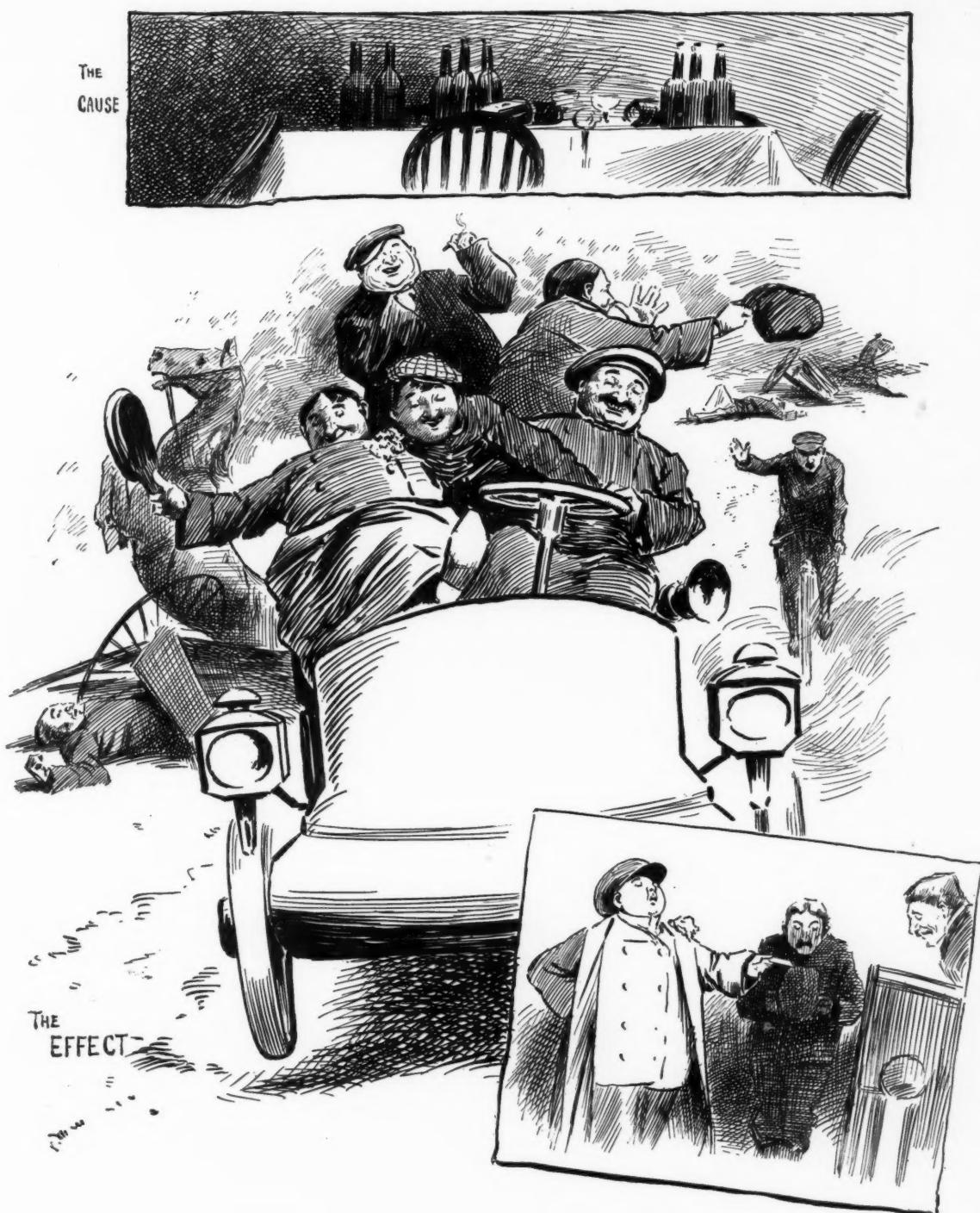


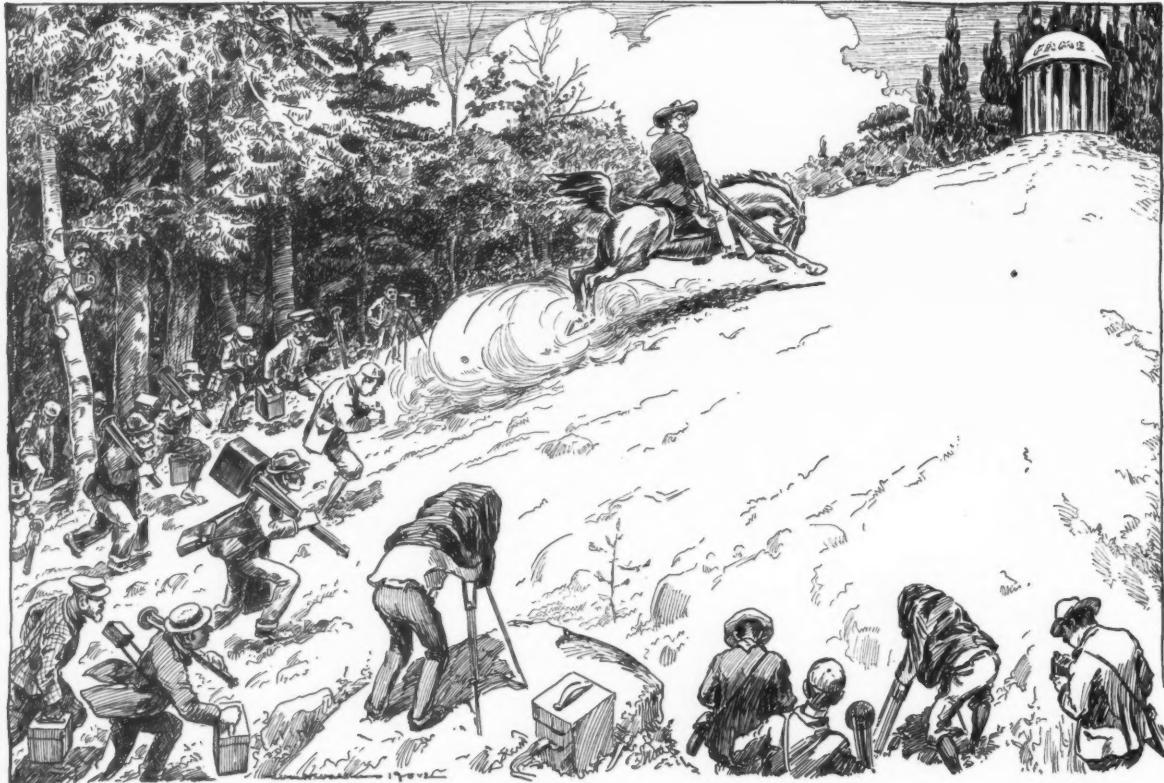
IN spite of all Colonel Watterson has to say about the follies and misbehaviors of the Newport set, there is still some sense left in Newport. The proof of it is afforded by the newspaper report of the recent departure of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., from that town with his large and agitating collection of automobiles. Personally,

Mr. Vanderbilt is probably a loss to Newport society. All that the public knows about him is favorable to the impression that he is an energetic young man, in excellent health, well behaved in most important particulars, and gifted with much more than the average of bodily and mental vigor. He is in the front rank of racing automobilists in this country and seems to be the leader of his squad, a fact that speaks well for his nerves and sporting judgment. It is his interest in automobiling that has detached him from Newport, for he is quoted as saying that the stupid speed ordinances of the town interfere insufferably with his pleasures. His departure is not only an excellent advertisement for Newport, but gives encouragement to all communities that are pestered by the high-speed automobiles. If these engines of terror and destruction can be driven out of one community they can be driven out of another. The only fit place for racing automobiles is on a road especially contrived for them, such as is now being built on Long Island. The use of these dangerous machines at high speed on any ordinary highway is preposterous.



MR. HOWELLS does not think well of contemporary American fiction. He says in *Harper's Magazine*: "Most of the novels now published are absolutely worthless; they are not even to be classed with the patent medicines which, if they do not cure, will not kill. They are rather of the quality of those nostrums that dye the hair a beautiful greenish purple, and leave a twitching palsy as their lasting effect." He says it is novels, and little else, that form the stock on the book counters in the dry goods stores, and that the bad ones outnumber the good ones twenty to one. Perhaps it is this vast consumption of unhealthy novels that is driving our people to the various exercise and health movement cures which are so profusely advertised in all the newspapers and magazines. Skin us a few bad novelists, please, Mr. Howells! Your charge is interesting. Let us have some specifications.





"SOMETHING TOO MUCH OF THIS."—*Hamlet*.

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FOUR Addresses Delivered by Henry Lee Higginson have been published in a volume. Major Higginson gave the Soldiers' Field to Harvard, and also gave the money to build the fine clubhouse of the Harvard Union. In these addresses he tells about the six soldiers, his comrades in the Civil War, for whom the Field is named, sets forth his hopes for the usefulness of the Harvard Union, and (in the last address) describes the career of Robert Gould Shaw. There is a fine spirit of patriotism and pub-

lic service in these addresses. One cannot read them without some lifting up of his ideals. (The Merrymount Press, Boston. 75c.)

The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci is the title given the English translation of Dmitri Merejkowski's work, *The Resurrection of the Gods*. This Russian author's brilliant panoramic study of decadent paganism, called *The Death of the Gods*, we have already noticed. His present volume typifies the struggle between the wan-

ning forces of the dark ages and the reviving classicism of the Italian Renaissance. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

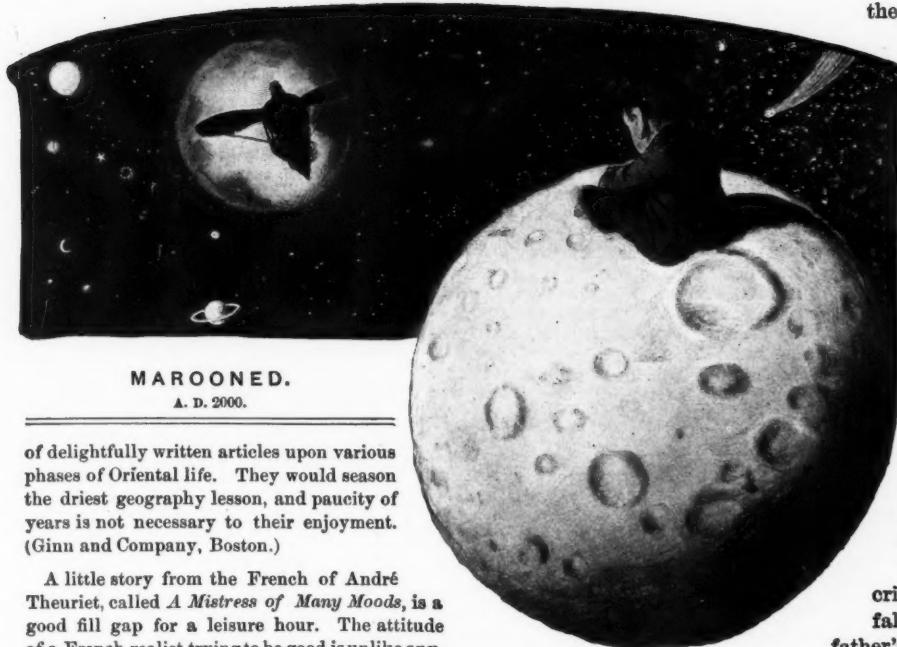
To turn the notorious wife of Ahab, King of Israel, into a heroine of romance is, perhaps, a difficult though hardly an artistic *tour de force*. It has, however, been undertaken with a certain success by Lafayette McLaws in *Jezebel*. To the nicely critical, however, such scenes as the struggle between Elijah and the prophets of Baal, treated after the methods of historical romance, do not appeal, but the book is manifestly not intended for the critical and will doubtless please many. (The Lothrop

Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Herbert W. Paul contributes to the English Men of Letters Series a volume upon *Matthew Arnold*, which is decidedly interesting. The book includes a sketch of the poet's life, with a running critique of his writings and his opinions — literary and political. Informal in style, even chatty at times, it is frankly a contemporary opinion, wisely leaving synthetic judgment to more distant observers. (The Macmillan Company. 75c.)

Violette Hall tells an amusing story in *Chanticleer, a Pastoral Romance*. A young couple who have decided to emulate the simple living of Thoreau quite unintentionally set the fashion among their acquaintances, some of whom are scarcely upon intimate terms with Dame Nature. Those who enjoy that lady's confidence will be entertained by the results. (The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

The idea of the *Youth's Companion* series of booklets written as geographical appetizers for young folks is an excellent one. *Toward the Rising Sun* contains a number



of delightfully written articles upon various phases of Oriental life. They would season the driest geography lesson, and paucity of years is not necessary to their enjoyment. (Ginn and Company, Boston.)

A little story from the French of André Theuriet, called *A Mistress of Many Moods*, is a good fill gap for a leisure hour. The attitude of a French realist trying to be good is unlike anything else in print and is unbearable in a long novel, but in this little volume the effect of M. Theuriet's fit of morality is quite charming. (The Abbey Press. 50c.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

Chesterfield Sandbag to His Son.



MY DEAR BOY: The practice of virtue ennobles the cares of business if you subordinate your virtue to your business. A discriminating philanthropy covers the cracks in a shop-worn decalogue. Charity begins at home, and when it goes abroad its journey should be chronicled in the press. Charity, not business, needs publicity. Kind deeds are never lost when you have them where you can put your hand on them.

An honest business man is never afraid to take the public into his confidence when he has something he knows the public ought to have. Confidence is the basis of prosperity; if you give the people your confidence they will give you their prosperity, but transact the exchange without ostentation. Ostentation is the badge of the ill-bred and unwise financier. Russell Sage is unostentatious. In all your enterprises have faith in the common people. Let the rich and prosperous bear the anxiety and uncertainty of bonds and preferred stocks, but see that the common people get the common stock. The free American people are sticklers for the right to vote; the purse-proud parvenu prefers dividends.

Don't be a kicker; the bronco is not as valuable as the slow carriage horse, even if more picturesque. Denunciation pays no dividends; only the demagogue or the pedagogue denounce. Yellow dogs bark and bay the moon;

the wise fox, seeking the shady ways, secures the nocturnal chicken. Therefore do not protest too much; protests are the business of the banks. Capital is the blood of business; the financial practitioner knows how to tap the veins without disturbing the arteries. You need capital at all times, but proceed with care and caution always. Never needlessly alarm the bird you are trying to snare. A few grains of corn and a net are better than a shotgun. A wise business man knows how to raise the wind; the amateur raises a storm and drives capital into a tornado cellar.

Eschew the dangerous and criminal classes; avoid the pitfalls that have marked your aged father's trail through life. The dangerous classes are the acquisitive and inquisitive operators in finance; the criminal classes are those who have lost the confidence of the financial centers and have stimulated the rude curiosity of the police.

Joseph Smith.



"BOYS, BOYS, YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED, IDLING YOUR TIME AWAY!
WHY ARE YOU NOT IN SCHOOL?"
"AW, GO 'WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN. WEES GO TO NIGHT SCHOOL."

• LIFE •

In Thistledom.

He has dipped his pen in heather,
As he writes of Scotland's charm.
So he deftly brings together
Psalms and cynics, manse and farm.

"YOU are very foolish to think of going," said Cousin Mary reprovingly. She is my mother's cousin and has been heard to remark that she doesn't know what I would do without her.

"I don't see why I shouldn't call on him."

"But you don't know anything about the Psalms, and I don't believe you could recite four lines of Scotch dialect to save your life."

"He has promised to see me, Mary, and I intend to go. I know several poems by Burns and I've read most of Scott. How do you like my gown? I hope he'll take it as a compliment."

"Fat people should not wear plaids. Besides, I don't believe you know what clan it belongs to."

"Er—I think it's O'Rourke. But what difference does that make? I'm sure of one thing. I know 'Scots wha hae' by heart, for I had to learn it at school for flirting with the clergyman's youngest son. Let me say it now, to see if I have the accent."

"I will not," said Mary firmly, putting her hands to her ears. "If you are determined to see this 'Brier Bush' gentleman, I can say nothing further. But don't say that I didn't warn you."

But I thought with scorn of Mary's fears, when I found myself in a delightful old study, hung with the Macgregor tartan, and decorated with claymores and the Shorter Catechism. There was a picture of "Knox Preaching Before Queen Mary" that gave me a thrill of apprehension, but I plucked up courage as I saw the head of Bobbie Burns above a collection of Scottish divines.

"I suppose you prefer your pen name," I said to the stately clergyman, who had theology shining in one eye and Drumtochty sketches glancing from the other.

"Yes. There is more of local color about it—the Mac, you know."

"How do you say the first part of it—Ian?" He showed me.

"Yes, I see. It's awfully clever of you, I'm sure. I've so often wanted to go to Drumtochty since I've read your charming books. I suppose that there are pilgrims every year to that part of Scotland."

"Yes, I have been a rather good thing for the railroads. Of course, some people prefer to go to Loch Katrine or to Stratford-on-Avon."

"There can't be many of the old people left in Drumtochty. You have killed off a good many, have you not?"

"There is nothing that gives me such happiness as a funeral. Not every one has my gentle touch at the deathbed. Just as the soul is preparing to leave

its frail tenement, just as the last fluttering breath is—"

"Very interesting, I am sure."

"Of course, you have read of how they carried Dr. McClure's coffin. I have always blamed myself because I didn't give Dr. Davidson's obsequies at full length. But I have a little thing here that I'll read to you."

"I'll be so charmed. But your works have gone upon the stage, have they not?"

"I couldn't resist the public's desire. The drama simply insisted on a twig from the *Bonnie Brier Bush*."

"Isn't it a little unusual for a clergyman of the Presbyterian faith to produce plays?"

"But we live in a progressive age. And, then, there are the profits. It would be a sin to despise the coin of



"There is nothing that gives me such happiness as a funeral."

the realm, when it's fairly forced upon you."

"Hoot, mon!" I exclaimed impulsively. Then, as I saw his look of pained amazement, I said contritely, "I beg your pardon. It was only a momentary enthusiasm. It is in the air of this country retreat." He bowed gravely, and I continued: "When are you going to America again? You made a rather good thing of it."

"It was almost as good as I could have wished. But I was sadly disappointed about that accusation of heterodoxy. There was a mere mention of it, but I hoped for a trial, and my publishers were not sanguine. But the charge of heresy was withdrawn, and public interest in Drumtochty was reduced."

"But you might do something startling

yet." He shook his head sadly.

"I fear it takes a great blow to shock the modern theologians—even those of the kirk. But I am forgetting about the little bit I was to read to you. It is entitled 'Hoo Sandy Slippit Awa.'" I trembled.

"Is it—very—pathetic?" I stammered, as I held a capacious kerchief gracefully.

"I consider it the dampest thing I have written," he replied, almost eagerly; "Andrew Carnegie sobbed like a child over it."

"Is there any humor in it?" I asked mournfully.

"Not the least."

"Then, perhaps, I shall be able to bear up. Go on," I said, nodding fiercely. His voice had a kind of grim tenderness, like the sunlight playing over the granite peaks of his native land. As he described Sandy, the shepherd hero, who had come to his last days, I felt a strange sensation about the heart. And thus he read:

"'Whist,' said Sandy. 'Jess, are ye there? I want ye to tak the bulk an' read a wee bit. I haena been as gude as a micht, but we're maistly a puir lot. Ye'll hae some siller after a'm gane, an' mind ye, Jess, not to be hevin' any fulish wastrel, wha'll no ken the value o' the bawbees. Noo a'm ready for the Psalm.'" The author laid the manuscript down and said almost gaily, "How is that for Sandy?"

"It—it will be awfully effective," I said, rising and hurrying to the door, "but my nerves are not very strong, and my physician has positively forbidden any extreme excitement. I shall always remember this hour with gratitude, and your tales of the glen are something to dream of. But, for the present, my dear sir, I must say farewell."

"Didn't he give you even a bit of heather, for a souvenir?" said Cousin Mary, in scorn.

"It would have been sinful extravagance," I replied warmly, "but he read me part of one of his most touching sketches."

"You look like it," said Mary, "and I wouldn't try it again, if I were you. Pathos is not the best thing for a woman who wishes to preserve her youth."

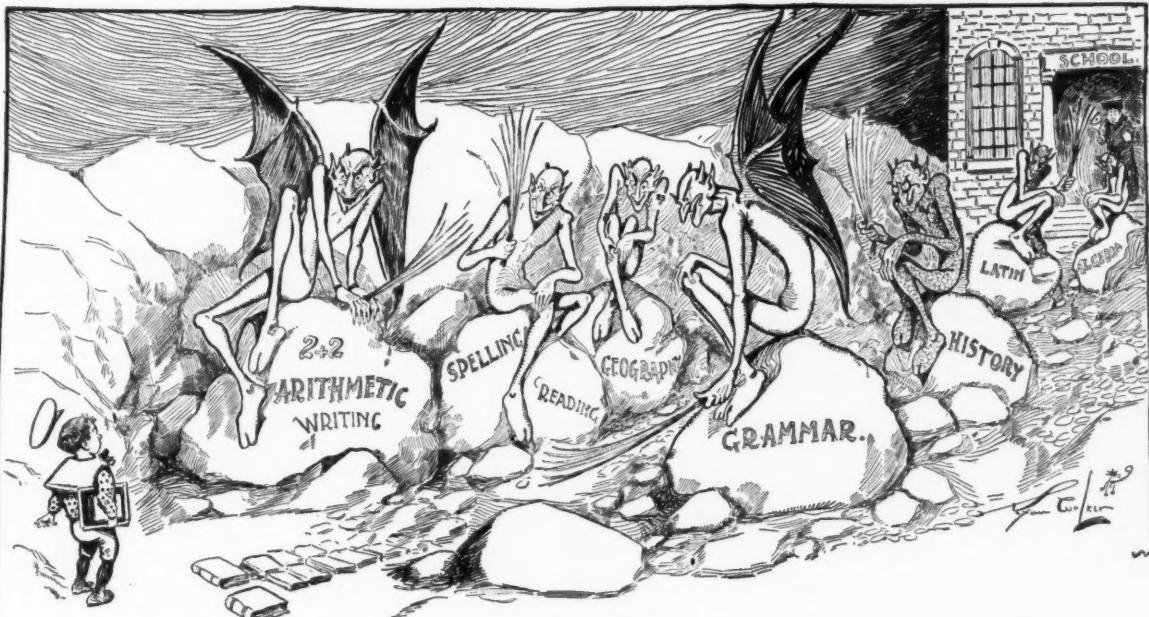
J. G.

Double Work.
FIRST DECORATOR: I advised him to have his house decorated during his wife's absence as a surprise.

SECOND DECORATOR: Good! Then we'll have to do it all over again when she gets back.

The One Hope.

"DO you believe in trusts?"
"You bet I do! I'm a Democrat."



A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
AN AUTUMN FANTASY.

Unmade History.

FROM the twentieth century forward, the art of war made rapid progress, until at last the munitions of defense were quite impregnable, and the weapons of assault absolutely irresistible.

The situation was extremely critical, hereupon, for the Monroe doctrine was extant and there were still several nations small enough to have the blessings of liberty extended to them.

But just as the people were becoming excited and betting freely, the millennium arrived, making an end of war. There was some dissatisfaction at the time, and the Republican vote showed a falling off that year, but later ages unite in the opinion that there was really no other way out of it.

Editor: Can we trust that reporter?

Assistant: Oh, he's true blue.
"You mean true yellow."

A Timid Soul.

I LOVE to watch the golden sun of morn
Ascend the rosy ladder of the sky;
I love to hear the waking winds of dawn
Go whisp'ring by.
I love the early stirring of the woods,
When song-birds call—
But ah! I love a snug and drowsy bed
The best of all!

I love to breast the ocean's stormy wave,
When howls the wind and lurid gleams
the sky;
Alert and strong I face an ocean grave—
Content to die.
Calmly I watch my bark succumb at last
To tempest's strife—
I love it all—in poetry, but not
In real life!

When cannons roar and soldiers bow to
Death,
I fain would face the foe on fiery field;
Outnumbered, wounded, faint—courageous
still,
I ne'er would yield!
The joys of battle make my pulses thrill

In song and book;
But ah, alas! in real life I can't
Discharge the cook!

ENVOI.

Let poets wreck their health by early strolls;
Let warriors gird themselves with thirsty
swords;
Let mariners bob cheerfully around
On sinking boards!
Such actions, from this rosy world will them
Untimely whisk;
Insurance rates are low for me—I am
The better risk!

Carol Schetky Turvey.

The Righteous Citizen.

ONCE upon a time a Righteous Citizen witnessed a Combat between a Big Man and a Small Boy. The Big Man laid about him mightily and smote the Small Boy hip and thigh, who upon the Tip of his Toes could not reach the Big Man's waistband.

"Hold," cried the Righteous Citizen, as the Big Man proceeded to sit down upon the Small Boy. "It is not a Fair Fight! The Small Boy is hitting the Big Man below the Belt!"

Mennon.

NODD: Your baby isn't three months old yet, is he?

TODD: Oh, yes. To be exact, I have been awake now just ninety-six nights.



"IN THE FALL THE FARMER'S FANCY LIGHTLY TURNS TO GOOD HARD CIDER."



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STUDIES IN EXPRESSION
WHEN A DEBUTANTE MEETS THE ELIGIBLE YOUNG MEN

•LIFE•



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION.

ELIGIBLE YOUNG MEN OF HER MOTHER'S ACQUAINTANCE.

• LIFE •



From Grosvenor Square to the Tenderloin.

L'IFE believes that Mrs. Patrick Campbell is the best actress to-day appearing on the English-speaking stage. This belief stands whether Madame Modjeska has really retired or not, because with all the latter artist's abilities and splendid command of the resources of her art, her delivery is so foreign that it mars even the best of her impersonations.

Mrs. Campbell in the title rôle of "Aunt Jeannie" by E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," finds little opportunity for the display of her highest powers. The character is a woman of mature experience who adds to it enough of personal charm to make her irresistible with members of the more susceptible sex. Consequently, when she finds her niece about to become the bride of a gentleman of bad character, she throws herself into the breach, makes trouble between lovers, gets her own wings singed a little, but finally comes out victorious. She even manages to retain the affection of a nice young man to whom she herself was engaged, and who would probably not have entirely approved of a very vivid kissing scene which was either a necessity or a luxury in her fight against the villain. Of course villain is a word too suggestive of Third Avenue melodrama to be used in speaking of a character in such polite society as Mr. Benson depicts, but it is the only way to describe a man as bad as he makes this one. Mr. John Blair wears neither a shiny top hat nor a hackman's mustache as the conventional villain ought to, nor does he smoke cigarettes. He is equally inaccurate in showing that peculiar charm which some bad men have for some weak women, but he is composed and gentlemanly in his demeanor, and is sufficiently forceful in the scene when *Aunt Jeannie* is toying with his young affections. The remaining members of the cast are better than the actors Mrs. Campbell had last year, which is not great praise.

Mr. Benson's play might almost be called genteel. In real life people who try to give a continuous performance of attempted bright speeches are bores. Mr. Benson evidently thinks the stage is different.

Although Mrs. Campbell is not at her best in this piece the general result is interesting and passes an evening agreeably.

* * *

EVIDENTLY something has happened. Last season Mrs. Campbell was under the management of Liebler and Company, a firm outside the Theatrical Trust. The *New York Sun* could see no merit in her acting. This season Mrs. Campbell is under the direction of Charles Frohman. The *Sun's* critic wrote concerning her first appearance under Trust auspices:

Mrs. Campbell is a far better actress than she has led New York generally to believe. Fulsome flattery by a few assuming enthusiasts has inclined calm reviewers to examine her talent severely. But she really is a dramatic artist, not a genius, though exceptional in ability and possessing an individuality so singular and intellectually so expressive that her pose of superiority is advisable from some points of view. Her rôle in "Aunt Jeannie" and her treatment of it placed her advantageously before last night's audience. Thus Mrs. Campbell surprised and pleased her audience. She was applauded more loudly and sincerely than she had ever

been before in New York. That is to say, she won her first positive American success.

There followed the appearance of this notice an immediate severance of the *Sun's* relations with Mr. Franklin File. **LIFE** extends its assurances of esteem to the *New York Sun* and congratulates the readers of that clever newspaper and theatre-goers generally.

LIFE extends its sympathy to the Theatrical Trust and to Mr. Franklin File, but hopes that their relations will continue to be mutually agreeable.

* * *

FANCY applying serious criticism to the show given by Messrs. Weber and Fields. It would be about as appropriate and useful as a curry-comb in the toilet of a terrapin. The simple fact is that Messrs. Weber and Fields have the New York public hypnotized. There is no denying that their salary list is a large one and that there is a noteworthy collection of types of Jewish beauty in their chorus. Also that they can count the pulse of the Tenderloin to the fraction of a second. But their highest title to fame is their ability to conjure the money they do out of the pockets of the public. There is a well-known proverb about the soonest with which a fool and his collateral are separated, but **LIFE** would not dare apply it to the intelligent patrons of New York's Tenderloin shows.

In Weber and Fields's "Twirly Whirly" there are some unquestionably funny spots, also a little catchy music. There is no story, and the dialogue is largely made up of questionable references to the personal relations and private careers of the actors on the stage. Mr. Weber's specialty, Mr. Peter Dailey's personal magnetism, and Miss Fay Templeton's imitations stand out from a confused mass of what an unhypnotized and discriminating public would consider rather a mediocre entertainment.

At Weber and Fields's the question is not so much one of artistic merit as the one in the old story—"Where do you subboose dey git all der money ve git away from 'em?"

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S THEATRICAL PRIMER.



IS FOR EDESON GAZING, WITH SIGHES,
DEEP INTO ELLIOTT'S GLORIOUS EYES.
O GIRLS ! TO TRADE PLACES WITH MAXINE—WHAT JOY !
OR WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO BE BOBBIE, MY BOY ?
TO GAZE AT YOUR IDOL — FOR WHAT YOU HAVE PRAYED.
DON'T WORRY — THEY'RE ACTING — IT'S ALL IN THE TRADE.

The Real Thing.



HERE are only 400 real iron pots
That float in the stream of style,
And some of these pots,
They are pretty tough lots,
Though they float with a satisfied
smile.

And woe to the pot that is made out of clay,
Who dares to join in with the throng,
If the book that is blue
Doesn't recognize you,
You will float—I don't think—very long.

In fact, I don't think the old saints, if they
could,
Would care to mix up with those pots.
Brass, China and Delf,
On the old kitchen shelf,
Have a happier time of it—lots.

And the 400 pots, in the social swim,
Many thanks to paint, powder and pride,
May look like a dream,
As they float down the stream,
But they're horribly battered, inside.

James Clarence Harvey.

His Choice.

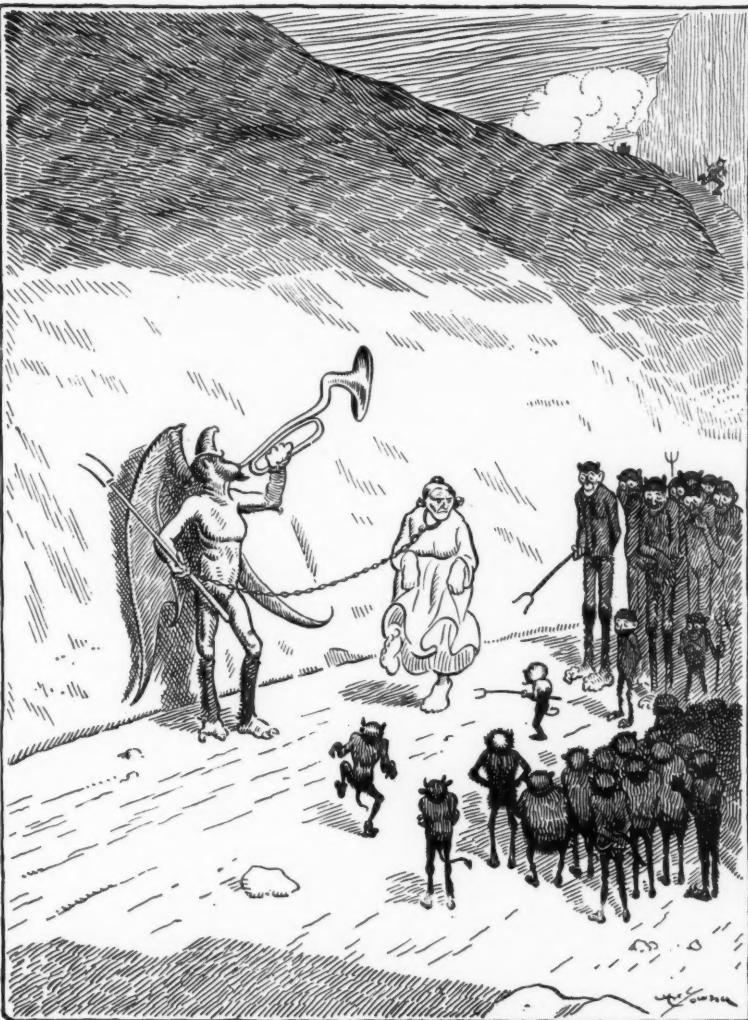
“SAY, old man, can't you take dinner
with me to-night? I have a
couple of millionaires on hand.”

“My dear boy, I would rather take a
basket of food down to the Sub-Treasury
and eat it alone.”

“HOW much did your daughter's
wedding cost?”
“Oh, about five thousand a year.”



STICKING HIM FOR THE DRINKS.



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

TAMING A SHREW.

Insurrection.

THE embers of insurrection still smoulder in
Springfield, Groton and Boston.—*Senator
Lodge.*

It takes a partisan and a placeman to differentiate accurately between the embers of insurrection and the fires of patriotism. Ordinary private citizens who hastily respect an opinion adverse to the administration merely because it is honest and rooted in reason will be deeply mortified by Mr. Lodge's caustic animadversions, unless, as is to be feared, long perversity has made them insensible to the voice of just reproof.

Job's Wife.

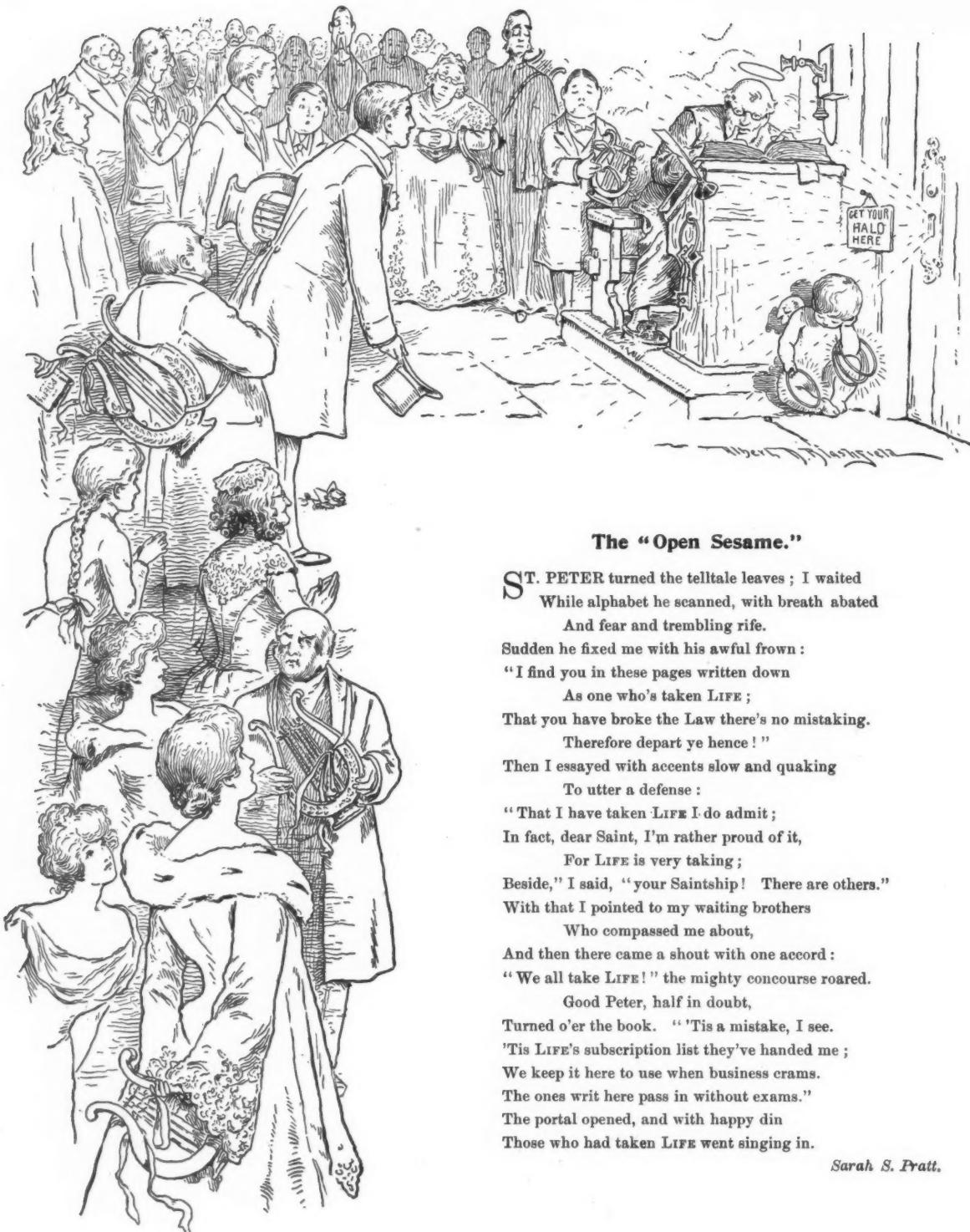
TO the patience of Job a whole book is
devoted;
To that of his wife not an instance is noted.
Though Heaven forbid that her griefs we
should probe,
To the rest of her troubles she also had
Job!

A MAN with an unusually large
mouth has the habit of opening
it on some occasions very wide.

His dentist the other day administered a mild rebuke:

“Not so wide, please; I prefer to
stand outside and work.”

• LIFE •



The "Open Sesame."

ST. PETER turned the telltale leaves ; I waited
 While alphabet he scanned, with breath abated
 And fear and trembling rife.
 Sudden he fixed me with his awful frown :
 "I find you in these pages written down
 As one who's taken LIFE ;
 That you have broke the Law there's no mistaking.
 Therefore depart ye hence ! "
 Then I essayed with accents slow and quaking
 To utter a defense :
 "That I have taken LIFE I do admit ;
 In fact, dear Saint, I'm rather proud of it,
 For LIFE is very taking ;
 Beside," I said, "your Saintship ! There are others."
 With that I pointed to my waiting brothers
 Who compassed me about,
 And then there came a shout with one accord :
 "We all take LIFE ! " the mighty concourse roared.
 Good Peter, half in doubt,
 Turned o'er the book. "'Tis a mistake, I see.
 'Tis LIFE's subscription list they've handed me ;
 We keep it here to use when business crams.
 The ones writ here pass in without exams."
 The portal opened, and with happy din
 Those who had taken LIFE went singing in.

Sarah S. Pratt.



He: IT IS REPORTED AROUND THAT YOU AND I ARE ENGAGED.
She: DIDN'T YOU DENY IT?
"NO; I WAS AFRAID TO DO SO WITHOUT FIRST SEEING YOU."

Love's Prisoner.

HE who flirts and runs away
 Will live to flirt another day,
 But he who flirts and stands his ground
 Will all too soon be gagged and bound.

How Not to Be a Millionaire.

THIS is the problem of the future, and it behooves us to consider it in its serious aspects.

The time is rapidly approaching when the thoughtful father, placing his paternal hand on his son's shoulder, will feel obliged to say to him:

"My boy, unless you are careful, almost before you know it, you will be a millionaire. It is my business to warn you in time. Look around you and see all the other millionaires there are, and you will be convinced that to avoid this unhappy fate will require all your energy and perseverance. Begin, therefore, early in life and resolve firmly not to be a millionaire. Who knows, but some day your ambition may be realized."

Not to be a millionaire, however, while seemingly so desirable, is not the final end of man. Not to want to be a millionaire is really higher than this.

Strange as it may seem, in the light of recent events, there are still many who secretly wish to be millionaires. Their number, of course, is rapidly diminishing, but that they exist is, alas! but too true. Those who do not want to be millionaires are born, not made.

One of the first aids to not being a millionaire is to stop reading the papers. Not being aware of how John Jones cornered the cereal market, with all the attendant exciting details, is a great help in the right direction. Not to know that Magnate McMerger got a bill through the Legislature which enabled him to control a railroad system and smile at all the people all the time, while doing it, together with all the ins and outs of this commonplace affair, is in itself a distinct advance.

After you have succeeded in stopping the reading of papers, then continue the good work by not going into society. You will miss, of course, a great deal. Your mind will not be filled to the brim with that vast weight of wisdom and learning which everybody knows society conversation staggers under, and of course you will not have the same incentives to be a millionaire that you otherwise would.

But you will find, in the pursuit of your final ambition, it will pay to do this.

And by and by, when you are old and have only just enough to live on comfortably, you can afford to look back on your life and say:

"I have been happier than most men. I have not tried, nor wanted, to be a common millionaire!"



ACCOMMODATING WILFRED.

What dire results may spring from purpose pure!

Wilfred, to please his little sister, Kate,

At 5 P. M. locked Michael in the sewer,

Then thoughtfully turned on the water gate.

Now all the building trade is out on strike

For working overtime to exhume Mike.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A CONGRESSMAN who thought that one of the great national parties was trying too hard to find an issue when there was no issue in sight, rebuked his opponents by telling this story:

A client of mine has a large family, and accordingly is rather pressed for money. He came to me joyfully one day, declaring that he had found oil flowing from a spring on his land, and bringing me a sample.

The bottle he brought was one which he had picked up in a hurry somewhere about the house. I forwarded it to an expert chemist, and my client and I waited with a good deal of interest for his report of the analysis. In a day or two we got this telegram:

"Find no trace of oil. Your friend has struck pare-goric."—*Youth's Companion.*

A NOTEWORTHY instance of combined courage and ready wit has just earned the high commendation of the Newcastle Watch Committee. The Newcastle *Chronicle* says that a policeman was being brutally maltreated by a gang of hooligans, and was in danger of his life, while nobody dared to interfere, until a young woman darted among the assailants, rapidly blew the policeman's whistle, and darted away again. Her act brought prompt rescue to the officer. She herself was a policeman's daughter.—*Exchange.*

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All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the

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Hunter Baltimore Rye

is the most perfect whiskey sold. It is made from the choicest of select grain and undergoes thorough aging, thus securing perfection of flavor and bouquet.

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OLD CROW RYE STRAIGHT

WHISKEY

Most Perfect BLOCK SIGNALS on THE NEW YORK CENTRAL

A MAN had been absent for some time, and during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, mustache, etc. On returning home he visited a relative, whose little girl he was very fond of.

The little girl made no demonstration toward saluting him with a kiss, as was usual.

"Why, child," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle Will a kiss?"

"Why, ma," returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place!"

—*Washington Times.*

"If you leave all your property to your second wife your children will certainly try to break your will."

"Of course. That's what I want them to do. I want them to have their full share of my money."

"Then why bequeath it all to your wife?"

"Well, you see, it will be easier for my children to break my will than it is for me to break hers."

—*New York Weekly.*

VERY soon the train bearing Roosevelt and party would arrive in the New England town for the customary speech-making and the usual hearty demonstration of welcome.

Suddenly all is consternation.

"We forgot it! Oh, we forgot it!" goes up the agonized murmur from the reception committee.

"Brass bands? Squad of Rough Riders?" we query.

"Not that! Not that!" they wail, in dire confusion. "We have long-winded speakers, flowers, flags—everything, but—but—"

"But what?" we further inquire.

"Why, we haven't any of Roosevelt's old hunting guides to swap reminiscences with the President!"

—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT NEVER WEARS OUT.

You may break, you may shatter
Man's heart if you will;
But it always is good for
Another break still!

—*Exchange.*

"THEY have captured the cleverest hotel robber in the country, John."

"Indeed! Which hotel did he run?"

—*Chicago News.*

"I WAS surprised to hear of your marriage to Chump-ley."

"Why so?" demanded the burlesque actress, who had just taken her seventh husband.

"Because you said you were going to marry Signor Staccato."

"So I am; but he's in Europe, and won't be back for six months."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"CAN'T I sell you a book of dwelling-house plans?"

"No; I haven't the money to build a house. Besides, this town is too dead for anything in that line."

"Then perhaps this little volume of tombstone designs will interest you."—*Chicago News.*

HE: I never saw anything like this tide. Here I've been pulling steadily for ten minutes, and we don't seem to have moved a foot.

SHE (after a pause): Oh, Mr. Stroker, I've just thought of something! The anchor fell overboard a short time ago, and I forgot to tell you. Do you suppose it could have caught on something?—*Washington Times.*

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can be made

Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well

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Poor little Cuba is a great deal shorter than it looks on the map.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"HERE is a railroad pamphlet entitled 'What Fills the Eye of the Traveling Public.'"

"H'm! It must allude to cinders."—*Chicago News*.

CALIFORNIA IN LESS THAN THREE DAYS via Chicago and North-Western, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railways from Chicago. The electric-lighted "Overland Limited" provides the best of everything. Diversity of routes; finest scenery. Compartment observation cars, buffet-library cars (with barber and bath); dining cars. All agents sell tickets via this route.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "An empty bin!"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Good men, you know, are scarce."

"Yes, I know, and even bad men have to make themselves so at times."—*Boston Courier*.

Yes, you can see the Old South to-morrow—Old Point Comfort, Va. Eloquent of history. Unalloyed comfort. Finest accommodations. Ask the ticket man. Send to the Chamberlin for booklet.

ASSISTANT (in menagerie): Sir, it rains!

KEEPER: Good heavens! Don't waste a minute, but take in that zebra. His color runs.—*Tit-Bits*.

"THERE are jest two things I like about a vacation," remarked Uncle Jerry Peebles; "the goin' away and the gittin' back."—*Chicago Tribune*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

"Is he extravagant?" they asked.

"Not at all," she replied.

"But he spends all he makes," they urged.

"True," she admitted, "but he spends it on me."

—*Chicago Evening Post*.

WHEN you drink Champagne, drink the very best, *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry*. It always satisfies, never disappoints.

"HARRY, I suppose you keep a cash account?"

"No, Uncle George, I haven't got so far as that; but I keep an expense account."—*Boston Transcript*.

"BRYANISM is the cloud which hovers over the Democratic camp."

"Yes; and the trouble is it has a silver lining."

—*Yonkers Stateman*.

CLEAR complexion indicates pure blood—result from use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

"YOUR nephew, I understand, has got through college at last?"

"Yes; and what good did it do him? I don't believe he learned a thing the whole four years. Why, man, I doubt if he could repeat the college yell."

—*Boston Transcript*.

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BEADS FOR BAGS AND CHAINS. Canvas, Gold Threads, Cross Stitch Materials, Tapestry Silks and Wool, Lac Brads.
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"Oh, to the gallant fisher's life!

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 And 'tis beloved by many."

—Isaac Walton.

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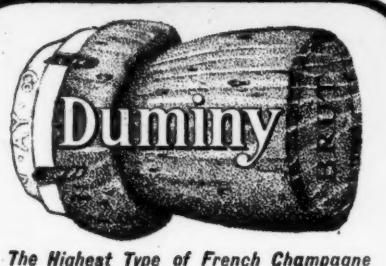


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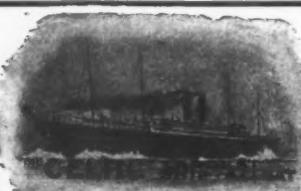
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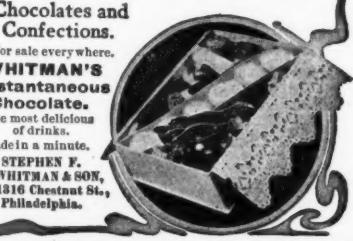
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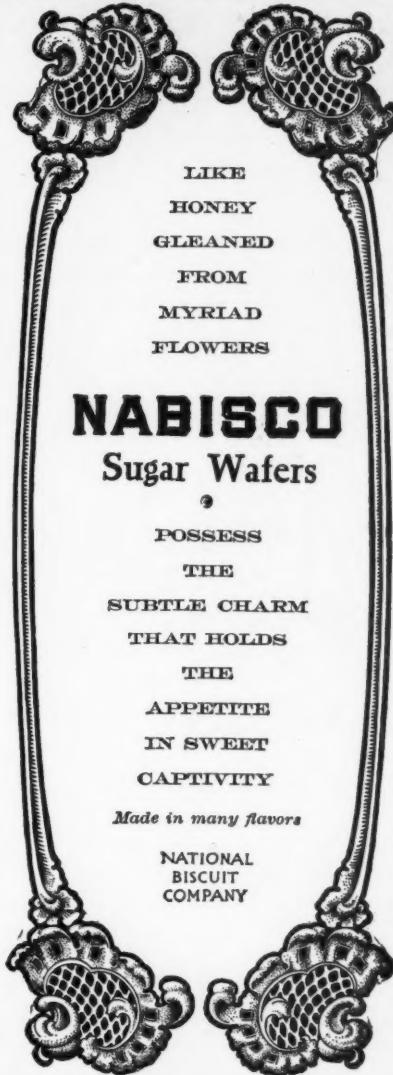
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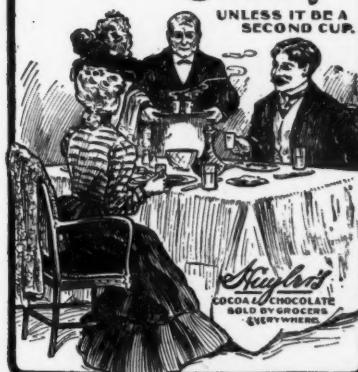
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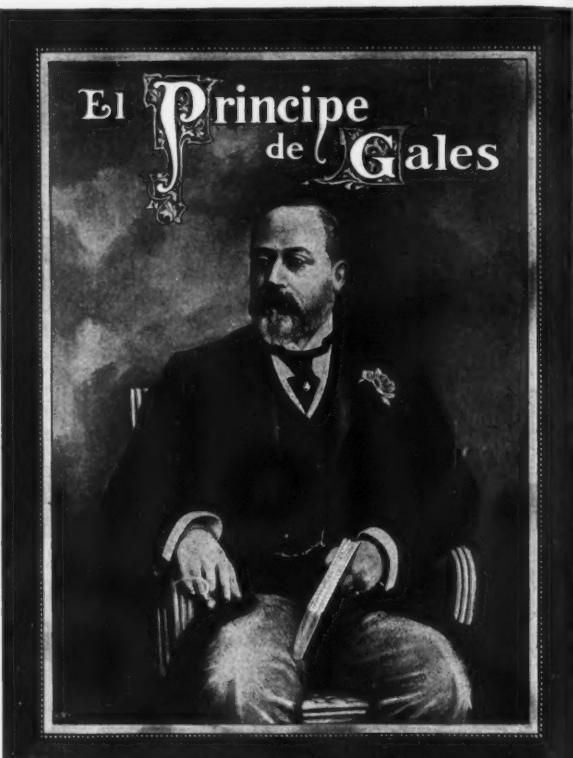
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